

of help line advertisement from a local health store. The ad it stated if anyone was having nerve problems to call Irma at the store. I was feeling terrible, so I called. Upon talking to Irma (I never found her last name), she told me to immediately get down to the store, which I did. Irma got me drinking large amounts of fresh carrot juice, along with a high protein drink, and taking several vitamins that included vitamin E, lethicin, C, and B complex—a practice that I continue to this day. She said it had taken a long time for my nerves to become as such, and it would take some time before I began to feel normal. But I followed her advice and by summer began to feel better. I was able to successfully complete my usual university activities, which included my final year as director of the Summer Music Clinic.

Upon arriving at Laie, I stayed at the Laniloa Lodge adjacent to the Polynesian Cultural Center. Being a Sunday afternoon it was fortunate that I was well fed on the flight over, and that Norm Nielsen had taken me to dinner, for I could find nothing that was open. I did look through the fence into the Polynesian Cultural Center (PCC), stroll through the village of Laie, and walk along the beach. Returning to the Lodge, I exhaustedly fell asleep, treated by the welcomed trade winds that gently flowed through the typically Hawaiian louvered windows of my room.

I had received my first taste of Hawaii and was impressed, but it was important that I not make a hasty decision based only on an impression of the overwhelming beauty and exotic quality of such a place.

On Monday morning Norm Nielsen took me to the office of Owen Cook, president of the Church College of Hawaii, for a personal interview. I found President Cook to be an extraordinary person and I felt that we immediately became friends. We talked about my accepting the position, which included a promotion in academic rank with a substantial salary increase. Later I found, and was impressed, that President Cook was able to memorize the name and even recognize, by face, everyone of the nearly two thousand students enrolled at the college—a truly remarkable feat.

I told President Cook that, before accepting the position, I desired to interview as many instrumental music majors as possible, then take a look at the band rehearsal room and check on the inventory and condition of college-owned instruments to see if they had a significant number of the right instruments such as tubas, percussion, and others like bassoons, bass clarinets, oboes, baritone horns, and French horns—instruments that students seldom personally owned. President Cook assured me that I would have an appropriate budget and would be able to have repaired or resupply instruments as needed. Next I asked the president if I could have enough scholarships to supply a woodwind quintet comprised of a flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, and French horn, then a brass quintet comprised of two trumpets, a French horn, trombone, and tuba. Then I asked for a handful of other talent awards as might be needed for instrumentalists who would form the nucleus for a fine band. Again President Cook was supportive and said it would be possible, but first I would have to meet with Dr. Nephi Georgi, Dean of Students.

At noon I went to lunch in the college cafeteria and met with several friends I knew who were on the faculty, such as Dr. Joseph Spurrier, Lloyd Tew, Wylie Swapp, and Norm Nielsen, recently from BYU. I told them somewhat of my favorable interview with President Cook and that I would be having an interview with Nephi Georgi. Without exception they told me to be cautious with Georgi because he was tough and would see right through any deficiencies I might have. Later that day I met Dr. Georgi, with some fear and trembling. Fortunately we hit it off marvelously and I found him to be a warm, friendly, and scholarly gentleman, one who later actively supported my program.

The rehearsal room was most adequate, located upstairs just above the college auditorium where we would perform most concerts. The instruments were basically adequate, but several were rusted, due to the salt air off the ocean, and in need of repair. A few simply needed to be replaced.

I found that for two years, the Church College of Hawaii had been without an official instrumental music program, but two students, namely Floyd Honda and Michael Hamm, were doing some adequate work. Naturally I wanted to interview them. I did find that Floyd Honda was quite belligerent, and even viewed me as a threat. He later said that I was probably some BYU misfit being sent from Provo. Floyd failed to continue at the college, but to his credit became a fine bass trombonist with the Honolulu Symphony, though he never spoke to me, even when I occasionally performed with the Symphony.

Michael Hamm, while somewhat lukewarm, did support me and continued with the college until graduation the following spring, and went on to a successful music education career on Oahu, even supporting me as first trumpet with the Windward Symphony, which I later founded.

The other interviews went exceedingly well. One student surprised me by showing up in his native Fijian costume, an outfit he regularly wore for the various programs he was in at the Polynesian Cultural Center. Other students included Norm Harris, an outstanding trumpet player from Australia. In addition to his college studies, Norm performed regularly for shows in Waikiki Beach. He also possessed a marvelous high range, and eventually became my student assistant, going on to further professional work in Las Vegas and the television industry in his home country of Australia. Victor Yap was a fine baritone horn player from McKinley High School in Honolulu. McKinley High School had perhaps the finest school band program of any school in all of Hawaii, of which Victor had been a vital part. I interviewed Joe Cazimero, from the Island of Kauai, a fine percussionist with experience in playing the Invitation to Paradise show at the PCC. I also interviewed several other student musicians, whose names I unfortunately can't recall, but I was encouraged by the friendliness of those who came into and left the meeting, feeling that along with the scholarship musicians I would bring, we could develop, even for a first year, an adequate band.

Following the student interviews, I was excited about a future plan for a new adventure for my family, along with the possibilities of building a quality instrumental music program at the Church College of Hawaii. I then returned to President Cook's office and informed him that I would very much like to come to Hawaii. We talked further about a salary, which proved to be a substantial raise above what I was currently receiving, as well as a promotion to a more advanced academic rank.

MY HEART IS TRUE

Chapter XII

Hawaii Nui Loa

12-1

In August of 1970, I had no sooner finished my assignment as director of the Brigham Young University Summer Music Clinic when the movers arrived to pack our personal belongings we were taking to Laie. Jane's cousins, Stan and Lorna Walker, had agreed to store the bulk of our furniture in their basement home in nearby Lindon. A year before our accepting the assignment in Hawaii, we had purchased a three-quarter acre lot in Shotgun Valley, five miles from Mack's Inn, in Island Park, Idaho, with the intent to build a summer home. Even though we were moving to a Pacific paradise some three thousand miles away, we saw no reason to abandon our plan to build such a home. In fact, Jane and I both felt I should return the following summer and commence building a summer home that would serve as an ideal home base for annual vacations to the mainland.

I had sold my Alexander French horn to Karl Furr, feeling my horn-playing days were over, and Jane had sold her Este grand piano just a day before our move. Our home on 3011 North 250 East was rented and later sold to Dr. David Randall, a colleague in the music department, who went on to become chairman of an eventual School of Music at BYU. My classy, red TR-3 was sold to Newell Dayley, who was gracious enough to loan it to me when I returned to Provo for a short stay the following summer. We had a beautiful American Saddler mare, with a newborn colt, that we sold to a stable close to our home near the Provo River. When I returned a year later, I drove Newell's borrowed TR-3 to the stables to see and check on the horses and was pleased when the colt trotted up and nuzzled me as though she could remember who I was.

While feeling much better, I was still having some trouble with my nerves when a major singular thing happened that helped me. In June, prior to our moving to Hawaii, I was returning home from a special meeting at our chapel when I passed Patriarch Lester Whetten walking home carrying a bag of groceries from the nearby Harper's Market. When Brother Whetten saw me, he signaled me to pull over to the side of the road. On my doing so, Brother Whetten said, "Dick, are things all right with you?" That really opened the door, and I told him how I had been feeling and of my concern in leaving BYU and moving to Hawaii. Then, as if out of the blue, I said, "Brother Whetten, would you give me a special blessing?" Lester Whetten, being the man he was, said, "Of course, but come to my home tomorrow at 5:00 p.m." The next day, I was at his home promptly, and I received the most beautiful and uplifting blessing one could ever expect to obtain. As I prepared to leave, he said, "How many times have we passed each other on the road, like we did yesterday, and given each other nothing more than a friendly wave or a cheerful hello?" I answered, "Practically all the time." Brother Whetten went on to say, "As you passed yesterday, something said to me, 'Call Brother Ballou over; he needs your help.'" Naturally I was amazed that such a thing would happen to me and

even more amazed when he later handed me a typed copy of the blessing I hadn't expected.

It was a beautiful and marvelous blessing that more than helped me, and it remains as one of my most cherished possessions. Among the things he told me were these:

"Now, the Lord needs you. He cannot use you if you are giving in to distracting forces. But to the extent that you dedicate your life to Him and tune yourself in with His spiritual forces, He will strengthen you. He will guide you. And He will take you into His arms if need be, that you will know of His love, a love which nothing else can touch.... Now brother, go forth from this moment on, realizing that each day is an important day. Do not worry what will happen next August, when you get in the Hawaiian Islands. Think about today.... But be obedient to the spirit. And to the extent that you can be this way, you will be an inspiration to those with whom you work and those whose lives you touch."

There were other things Brother Whetten mentioned in the blessing that are sacred and private, not to be reported. I do know that I was strengthened by what he told me in the blessing and now felt ready to begin a wonderful new adventure.

Following the packing and storing of our belongings, we drove our 1969 Ford Maverick to Riverside, California, where both Jane and I wanted to spend a few days visiting our folks prior to flying to Hawaii. I also had to put our car on a container ship sailing from San Pedro to Oahu. The afternoon prior to our leaving for the Islands, we had a wonderful family reunion picnic at Fairmont Park in Riverside. Then, the following morning, we took a shuttle to Los Angeles International Airport, where we boarded a beautiful Pan American Boeing 747 bound for Honolulu.

We arrived that afternoon in Honolulu, where we were met by Lloyd Tew and his wife, who took us to an oriental dinner at Patti's Chinese Kitchen in the Ala Moana Shopping Center. Then it was on to our new home in Hawaii. Before leaving for the Islands, Jane and I were fortunate to obtain a rental unit through our good friend Alonzo Morley of the BYU speech department, who frequently rented the home while vacationing on the island of Oahu, this for the unheard of price of \$125.00 a month. For an extra \$40.00 a month, we could lease the home owner's relatively new Plymouth.

The home was on Kawela Bay, a remote beach halfway between the village of Kahuku and Sunset Beach, about eight miles from Laie. It was an older home with a large living room with a bed where Jane and I slept and a Hawaiian pune'e, where our younger son Rich slept. Our daughter Lorri had the only bedroom, and our older son Jim had a single bed in the dinning room. Despite the somewhat-primitive living area, the home was clean, with a large lanai facing a beautiful beach that reminded me of what I thought Tahiti might be like. Many were the nights when I would fall asleep while stretched out on a chaise lounge, watching the moon and stars as they would shine over the water, only

to awake at 2:00 a.m. after the family had gone to bed. We could walk off that lani'i and into the bay for a delightful swim. I spent many wonderful hours walking the beach, climbing over the lava rocks, and doing some fishing. I even purchased a small sailboat, which provided some delightful hours. It was just the kind of therapy I needed after the strain of deciding to come to Hawaii.

For the first two weeks after arriving in Hawaii, my student assistant, Norm Harris, and I spent considerable time doing all we could to get what instruments we had in proper working order. Many were rusted and mildewed from limited use following three years of non-playing. We also spent considerable time getting the music library in good condition, so by the time the fall semester began, we would be ready to go to work.

I was able to scholarship a fine woodwind quintet, composed of a flute/piccolo, clarinet, oboe, bassoon, and French horn. Then I provided additional scholarships for a trumpet, baritone horn, trombone, tuba, and percussionist. This gave me a first-chair potential for a first-year concert band. During registration, I was able to recruit additional players, which gave me a total of thirty-three band members and a representative instrumentation that resembled more a symphonic wind ensemble than a symphonic band. But I was pleased, feeling that we would have the capability of playing some quality repertoire.

I wanted the faculty and student-body alike to know we were serious, so I arranged to have our first public performance at a student assembly just two days after school began. The performance, while somewhat shaky, had the effect that I desired of being well received by the audience.

The students in the band were an absolute joy to work with. It seemed as though they were always laughing, acting as if being in the band was the most important thing in their lives. Every Saturday morning, Jane and I had virtually an open house at our home on the beach at Kawela Bay. I would get up early to fire up the charcoals in our cookers. Then at about 9:00 a.m., several Polynesian students would arrive to take our small dinghy out into the bay and dive for lobsters, while others would climb our coconut trees and drop threatening coconuts to protect the students that would be arriving, coconuts that could be sold later at the Polynesian Center for ten cents each or be used at our cookout as a delicious beverage. Shortly afterwards, other students would arrive with the makings for salads, baked beans, dessert, etc. Then we would spend the entire day on the beach, swimming, eating, "talking story," as they say in Hawaii, eating some more, sailing, and walking the beach. Then when the day was over, the students, without Jane and me hardly noticing, would go into the kitchen, wash the dishes, sweep the floors, clean the lanai and straighten up the house. It was as though we were one big happy family. For days afterward, Jane would find Hershey candy kisses strategically placed throughout the cupboards, as a token of their appreciation. They were truly remarkable students that Jane and I grew to love dearly.

Lloyd Tew continued to serve as chairman of the music department (of which there were only two others). Mike Suzuki, a graduate and good friend from BYU, directed the college choirs, and I directed instrumental music. Lloyd taught music theory and composition and was, at that time, vitally interested in composing music via the computer. One evening, to an invited audience in the college auditorium, Lloyd had, on stage, several of us with our instruments, along with his array of computer equipment. He would demonstrate on-the-spot composition by telephoning a computer network office in Honolulu, giving them certain instructions, such as size and type of instrumentation, meter, tempo, length of composition, melodic or rhythmic style, plus any other information that might influence the final result. Then, following a short wait, printed sheets for each of us would begin to appear and we would sight-read and then play again the piece of music the computer had presented. It was an interesting experiment, particularly for the year 1970, and occasionally a compositional gem would appear.

Lloyd Tew, Mike Suzuki, and I were a very compatible staff. We worked well together, had lots of fun, were quite innovative, (as in the computer experiment), and were good friends. One of the new programs we instituted was a formal Sunday evening Christmas fireside concert, similar to what was being done on the Provo campus. The fireside was well attended and proved to be a success. It continued throughout my stay in Hawaii. Part of our plan was to provide a quality orchestra for the oratorios and operas that Mike wanted to produce, as well providing an orchestra for the drama department's musicals. Unfortunately there were no string players registered at the college, so I began to look for a nearby community orchestra that we could possibly draw from, only to find there was no such organization on the island of Oahu.

In an attempt to solve the lack of strings problem, I decided to organize a community orchestra, so I solicited and received help from the local newspapers. Even though we had sufficient rehearsal space, I knew we wouldn't succeed if rehearsals were held on campus, some twenty-five miles from the nearest major cities of Kaneohe and Kailua, and forty miles from Honolulu. The village of Laie, home of the Church College of Hawaii, was considered out in the country and a major trip on the two-lane Kamehameha Highway. So I decided if I couldn't get the local musicians to travel where I was, I would find a rehearsal space and go to them. Fortunately, the band director at Castle High School in Kaneohe agreed to let us rehearse in his band room. This brought me to the attention of Betty Hisao, a flutist who had been looking for such an orchestra to play with. Betty, who lived in Kaneohe, had musical and political connections throughout the North Shore, and she began a tireless effort to insure our success. She arranged for me to speak at service club luncheons throughout the island. She personally contacted professional people, wrote letters, and, in fact, worked harder than I, to see that we would successfully launch this new organization, which we were to call the Windward Symphony.

In addition to finding a way to supply string players for the major productions we wanted to do, I wanted my first-chair-caliber students to have the added and valuable experience of playing great music from the symphony orchestra repertoire. During the six years I conducted the orchestra, we did such works as Bizet's *Carmen Suite*; Gustav Mahler's *Symphony No. 1 in D Major*; Franz Liszt's *Les Preludes*; Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov's *Capriccio Espagnol*; Handel's *Messiah*; Antonin Dvorak's *Symphony in E Minor (From the New World)*; Edvouard Lalo's *Symphonie Espagnole* for violin and orchestra in which we featured the associate concert master of the Honolulu Symphony; and Johannes Brahms' *German Requiem*. We did Gian Carlo Menotti's opera *Amahl and the Night Visitors*, as well as Georges Bizet's opera *Carmen*, the *Requiem Mass* of Gabriel Faure. Besides performing these masterworks, we were able to have the necessary string players to do such musicals as *The Sound of Music*, *Once Upon a Mattress*, *Annie Get Your Gun*, *Fiddler on the Roof*, and *Camelot*. As the quality of woodwinds, brass, keyboard, and percussion players improved we were able to do musicals that didn't require strings, such as *The Fantastics*, and *Man of La Mancha*. For my good friend Doug Stewart's musical *Saturday's Warrior*, a work written for an orchestra composed of a piano, bass, and percussion, (which we refer to as a standard rhythm section), I had one of my music majors, Jay Petrell, as his senior project, orchestrate the work for a full-pit orchestra. Jay did a most respectable job, but like so many creative enterprises, he was rushed to complete his writing and copying in time for the opening. Up until the final dress rehearsal, I remember Jay coming to the edge of the pit, where the orchestra was seated, and hurriedly passing out a new set of parts just in time for an upcoming number. Years later, when I told Doug Stewart about this, he said he would love a set of the parts. Unfortunately I never knew what happened to them following our run of *Saturday's Warrior*, and I had lost track of Jay Petrell, who went on to a career as an officer in the United States Army. It's sad, because it would have made a great show even greater.

While performing the opera *Carmen*, I had an unusual but challenging experience. For the first three nights of the performance, I had the choice opportunity of conducting a pit orchestra that consisted of quality performers from the Honolulu Symphony Orchestra. However, on the final performance, these excellent musicians had the conflict of having a scheduled performance with their symphony. As a result, I found it necessary to assemble a second orchestra consisting of members of the Windward Symphony and qualified college students. While they did a respectable job and received great experience, it was a far cry from the professionalism I experienced with the members of the Honolulu Symphony.

In order for me to conduct the orchestra of professional members of the Honolulu Symphony, it became necessary to join the Honolulu local of the musicians' union. I had been a member of the union since my high school days, while a member of the Utah Symphony, and had even served as a member of the board of directors in the Provo local unit. Despite this, I didn't have a fondness for the union, feeling it was a distraction and a hindrance to young musicians as well as to bands that were trying to break into the so-called big time, serving primarily as a protective agency to those who had already

arrived. This was evidenced to me by my experience in being denied, by the union, in attaining a steady job for my college dance band at the Coconut Grove in Salt Lake City, plus the experience I had from the national office with a long-playing recording I had made with the Y's Men Band. Nevertheless, I joined, only to find that no one knew I belonged, since the Honolulu local didn't publish a membership list. That meant many requests for professional union services had to go through the main office, where the prime jobs for professional services were often taken by the secretary and his band.

During my first year at the Church College of Hawaii, we did *Once Upon a Mattress*, under the capable direction of David Jacobs, whom I remembered from his student days at BYU, particularly when he took the lead role in *How to Succeed in Business Without Even Trying*. *Mattress* was a fun show that received favorable reviews from the Honolulu press. Warren Barton, whom I had brought to the college as a bassoon player, played the lead role of the king. During rehearsals, I met two students, Virginia Schmidt and Claudia Jesperson, who became great friends. Claudia had a wonderful, sultry speaking and singing voice and was great in the lead role of the queen, later going on to teach dance at the college. We had the opportunity to work closely together in many productions. Virginia was working on the set construction crew the day I met her. It was as I was leaving rehearsal and walking across the stage to an exit door behind when I saw this girl frantically tossing lumber in order to find a particular piece. Impressed by her enthusiasm and energy, I asked, "Who are you, and where did you come from?" She replied, "I'm Virginia Schmidt, and I've come from West Jordan, Utah."

Later, following the run of *Once Upon a Mattress*, Claudia came and asked if I would be willing to administer a test for a music class, in which she had received an incomplete grade while at BYU-Provo. I said I would and set a date and time to meet with her. A few days before giving the test, Claudia came and asked if I could change the date, because she and Virginia had an offer to go on a day's cruise on the *Kaimanu*, a luxurious fishing cruiser where Virginia had worked prior to coming to the Church College. Then Claudia asked, "Would you like to go with us and administer the test while on board?" Naturally I said I would, having the desire to further my Hawaii experience by an ocean cruise.

The *Kaimanu* was a ninety-foot cruiser based at the Kewalo Basin, a harbor in Honolulu. While on the cruise, I had my first experience eating a delicious mango. It was when I noticed one of the Hawaiian crewman peeling the skin from a fruit that looked like a cross between a pear and an apple, and I asked, "What's that you're eating?" He replied, "A mango. Here, have some." It was the most delicious fruit I had ever experienced up to that time. Later we hooked into, but lost, a beautiful marlin that sailed out of the water in a spectacular manner, only to fall onto and break the trolling line we were dragging.

Administering the test proved to be a sad but humorous experience at the same time. On our way in, Claudia had completed the test. I looked at it briefly, and it appeared she had done an excellent job. On my handing it back, she folded the test and sat it on a nearby

bench while the three of us prepared to enjoy the sun, sea, and spectacular scenery as we cruised into port. We were, however, only to witness the test being caught in a breeze, sailing away from the bow, and gently setting onto our wake, face open, as we sailed casually away. Claudia shed a few tears, and then we all began to laugh. I told Claudia, "This is too great a story. I'll write to your professor telling him you did well, which I'm certain he will appreciate, enjoy the humor, and even give you a passing grade." Unfortunately, it wasn't to be, for the professor failed to see or appreciate the humor and instead gave Claudia a grade of "D."

Claudia was responsible for my attaining a band member who was not only a great asset to me and the band, but the Church Education System as well. One summer, shortly after our return from Island Park, Idaho, Claudia came to my office to tell me of a Matt Geddes, who, she said, was an excellent trumpet player. Claudia went on to tell me she had promised Matt I would give him a music scholarship. I immediately replied, thinking Matt was still on the mainland, "I can't do that without first hearing him. Have him send me a tape from the mainland. Then I will consider it." "I can't," she answered. "Why?" I said. "He's already here, is broke, and can't afford to fly back!" she replied. Then, in a somewhat scolding manner, I said, "Claudia, since we are the best of friends, I'll do it this time, but never again."

However, Claudia was correct in her assessment and recommendation of Matt. Not only was he an excellent trumpet player, helping me in numerous occasions, but an outstanding art major as well. He married Claudia's sister Chris, became a faculty member of BYU-Hawaii Campus, and went on to a position on the art faculty of Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho, where he became the eventual dean of the Brigham Young University-Idaho College of Fine Arts.

While in Hawaii, Matt adapted to the local scene like any native Polynesian. He became a skilled scuba diver and spear fisherman, often bringing Jane and me an ocean-captured delicacy, such as a parrot fish. Then he and fellow art instructor Jan Fisher, while exploring the remote hills above Laie, discovered a soil that made into a wonderful compound for the clay pots they seemed to be continuously and artistically throwing.

Jan Fisher was an artist who truly loved his work. It seemed that he and his students were always trying to build a better kiln for the curing of their pots. I remember one, located behind the campus and close to the cane fields that became so hot that I felt it might explode. Jan was perhaps even more famous for his murals, receiving several commissions throughout the Islands, including the Polynesian Cultural Center. However, it was always interesting to all of us on the faculty that Jan had such a fondness for a work he was creating that he had difficulty in pronouncing it finished. He had a mural that covered the entire wall area of one end of his office, which he continuously worked on and never finished as long as I knew him; he often blanked off entire sections in order to paint over them once again.

Other members of a gifted art faculty were Lemoyne Garsides and Wylie Swapp. Lemoyne was the chairman of our fine arts division and was so busy with his administrative duties that I didn't learn to appreciate his wonderful talent until I returned to Hawaii, years later, following his retirement, and witnessed the outstanding work he had and was in the process of creating. Wylie, in addition to his art skills, was an expert in the playing and teaching of Polynesian music. He and his wife, Lois, built what Jane and I felt was the most beautiful Hawaiian-styled home in all of Laie, abounding in his paintings and tropical plants that sheltered a wonderful Lanai'i. It was Wylie Swapp who had the original ideal for the creation of the Polynesian Cultural Center, and in my estimation he never received the proper credit for his creative proposal.

Virginia Schmidt went on to become my secretary for two years and was most instrumental in helping me to organize the community orchestra, even suggesting the name "Windward Symphony." Later she served an honorable mission in Rochester and Palmyra, New York, became an associate director for the Hill Cumorah Pageant, and worked for the Osmond TV studios, going on to a career with KSL Television, with an eventual assignment of covering the Bosnian civil war in Yugoslavia. She married Bob Baird and lives in West Jordan, Utah. We remain the best of friends.

During the first semester, two incidents happened that seriously marred what otherwise proved to be a very successful first year. While in my office one afternoon, Dean Allison came in to tell me our eldest adopted daughter, Vicki, had unexpectedly passed away. Naturally it came as a shock. After telling Jane, we decided it best for me to stay in Hawaii with our older children, since we simply didn't have sufficient funds for all of us to go, following the expense of our move to Hawaii. We were new to the Islands and knew very few people we could leave the children with, but decided that Jane and Richie, our four-year-old son, would go. I have always felt bad in not going, but on the day of the funeral, while I was alone at our home on Kawela Bay, I strongly felt the spiritual presence of Vicki and had the comforting feeling that everything was all right with her and that she understood my not coming. Vicki was interred in the Pleasant Grove Cemetery, and since then, someone unknown to us or other family members in Pleasant Grove has occasionally placed flowers over her grave.

The other incident happened shortly before Thanksgiving while I was on the golf course in Kahuku. Two students, Norm Harris and Warren Barton, and I were playing golf. While halfway down the second hole, a golf ball flew wildly by and close to my head. Up until that time, I was short-fused and quick of temper. I angrily looked back and noticed two Samoans on the tee. I had been told that Samoans, while generally very loving, can be quick of temper, and it was here that I made a critical mistake. I walked up to the golf ball and hit it as far as I could. When the Samoan came to me, he asked, "Why did you hit my ball?" I immediately replied, "Why did you try to knock my head off? If we were progressing too slowly, just yell 'fore!' and we would kindly get out of your way." That's when he really tried to knock my head off. Without warning, he hit me in the right jaw, knocking loose a back molar. I fell to the ground. Strangely, I never

felt the blow, and I immediately bounced up. Fortunately, several members of the Church College of Hawaii basketball team were on the next tee. They saw the incident and ran over to offer me assistance, thus preventing any further incident from happening. Thinking I had only a loose tooth, I finished the hole I was on, even making par, and then instructed Norm and Warren to take me to a local dentist in Laie and have him pull the tooth.

Upon checking me, the dentist informed me that not only did I have a loose tooth, but I had broken my jaw on both the right and left side. He wrapped a strip of gauze under my jaw and around my head and phoned an orthodontic surgeon in Honolulu. Norm, Warren, and I were soon on our way. Before our trip into town, Norm and Warren gave me a priesthood blessing, promising that the surgery would be successful and I wouldn't feel any pain throughout the whole ordeal. I never did feel pain, commencing from the original blow, the surgery and the recovery period. For the next six weeks, I had to function with a wired jaw and could only eat liquids through a straw.

On Sunday following the incident, I was resting at our home on Kawela Bay when I heard a knock on the door. When I opened the door, standing there was biggest Samoan I had seen up to that time. The thought came over me, "They've come after me." However, I noticed a tear in the eye of this wonderful, large Samoan, and he proceeded to offer an apology for the entire Samoan community. I felt I had made an immediate friend, and for several years, I considered him my personal bodyguard.

In Hawaii at that time, there was a sort of Mafia-like Syndicate made up of some Samoans who had become disenchanted members of the Mormon faith. It was said of them that they had learned the organizational part of the Church, but not the spiritual. Two years after the golf course incident, I met our bishop at the local gas station. He told me of his wayward son-in-law, a member of the Syndicate, and how he and other Syndicate members were so disturbed that they even considered putting a so-called number on the fellow that hit me. Then one day, as the band and I were bussing off the campus for a concert in Honolulu, I noticed the person that had hit me practicing golf on the rugby field. Hans, our driver and a trombone player in the band, stopped the bus, opened the door, stood up, and pointed to the golfer saying, "That's him!" I immediately replied, "Yes, but leave him alone and forget about it." Interestingly, Hans went on to a distinguished career as an officer in the army, later to become head of security at the college, even being a security escort to President Gordon B. Hinkley on trips throughout the Islands.

The incident left a never-ending impression on me. I had made a mistake and paid a price. I also learned how to deal with Samoans who are wonderful people, but easily aroused. Interestingly, during the time I functioned with a wired jaw, my speech improved, due to the excessive lip action I had to use while speaking, only to return to a not-so-satisfactory and lazy style following the removal of the wires.

During the time of my broken jaw, a wonderful opportunity came for the band and the college. I had developed a respectfully good pep band for use at our home basketball games. Through the efforts of Norm Nielsen, we came to the attention of officials of the Aloha Classic, an early season basketball tournament held in Honolulu at the International Center, now the Blaisdell Center. We were invited to serve as house band for the three-day tournament. It also happened that Stan Watts and his BYU-Provo team would be appearing, along with the team from the University of Hawaii. As it so happened, BYU and an excellent University of Hawaii team met in the finals. Up until that time, little was said regarding our appearance, but when the finals rolled around there was considerable concern, and I was emphatically told not to show any favoritism to BYU. It was, after so many years in Provo and being a neighbor to Stan Watts, one of the most difficult things I ever had to do, and I literally had to sit on my hands for the entire game.

I felt extremely fortunate that the Church College of Hawaii band was invited to serve as the house band for the tournament, since it enabled us to receive some very favorable press, including from the music critic of the *Honolulu Star Bulletin*, who in future press releases referred to us as his favorite band. He even criticized the University of Hawaii band for their lack of presence, asking why a university of over twenty-thousand students couldn't assemble a band for such an important occasion, when a college of barely two-thousand could.

In essence, he did the University of Hawaii band a great favor, for in response to the criticism, Dick Lum, director of bands for the University of Hawaii, stated he couldn't complement a suitable band, since he didn't have scholarships to sufficiently outfit such an organization, be it a marching or pep band. Apparently the University of Hawaii administration didn't appreciate the unfavorable publicity, saw the error of their ways, and awarded Dick Lum sufficient scholarships to successfully complement what proved, in later years, to become a quality marching and pep band in excess of two hundred members.

My first concert with the Church College of Hawaii band was most interesting. It was a small organization, closely representing a symphonic wind ensemble in which there is essentially only one person for each individual part. We had programmed the difficult Percy Grainger *Lincolnshire Posy* and were prepared to perform for a local audience of college students and interested persons from the community of Laie, when I received word that Clarence Sawhill, director of bands at UCLA and former president of the College Band Director National Association, along with Dick Lum from the University of Hawaii, would be in attendance. I wasn't too thrilled with the prospects, since we were a young organization merely trying to make a local impression; we were not ready to perform for such notables as Clarence Sawhill and Dick Lum. While I was extremely nervous, the concert went as well as could be expected. I was pleased by the efforts of the band members and received congratulations from audience members, along with encouraging words from both Sawhill and Lum, which I hope they sincerely meant.

At that time, the Church College of Hawaii had what I considered a wonderful but unique academic offering. After the fall semester and following the Christmas break, the college had a six-week program, beginning in January, in which students could concentrate thoroughly on a professional development program within their major or on some other academic interest.

Fortunately for me, the vast majority of my band students chose to concentrate on the band, and we were able to rehearse intently several hours each day, all of which enabled us to tour local high schools extensively, throughout the island of Oahu. We even had the opportunity to perform at the Ala Moana Shopping Center which, at that time, was recognized as the largest shopping center in the world. Then we were able to culminate this special period of time with a concert tour to the island of Kauai.

Before coming to Hawaii, I had Bud Brisboe, as a guest, perform a special basketball half-time show with the Cougar Marching Band. Bud was a marvelous trumpet virtuoso with experience in the Stan Kenton Band. He had also been a soloist with the Henry Mancini orchestra. He possessed an extremely high register that was said to exceed the upper limits of the piano keyboard. I felt that Bud could be instrumental in my developing a jazz ensemble program, which was part of my academic load which I, till then, wasn't too successful in building.

I remember that the students who first signed up for my jazz ensemble program were mainly experienced in playing only rock music, which I didn't understand or have any special interest in. It seemed that we were poles apart, me on one end of the spectrum and they on the other. So at least for the time being, I let them pursue their interest in rock and utilized the expertise of Norm Harris, who played regularly with professional rock bands in Waikiki Beach. But I knew something had to be done, and Bud Brisboe might be the answer. Although I didn't have a jazz group that could satisfactorily accompany Bud, I could, however, rely on my concert band, to do the type of music I had previously done with the Cougar Band while in Provo. I was also acquainted with a jazz ensemble composed of music educators from the island of Oahu.

I was fortunate to make arrangements with the directors' jazz band to accompany Bud on the jazz portions of the concert. I will always remember when I took Bud to the first rehearsal with the directors' band, and how indifferent they seemed to be with this supposed "hot shot" from the mainland. As I was introducing Bud, I'm certain he sensed this indifference, for when it came time for Bud's first solo, he played very ordinarily, and I remember the smug looks on the faces of the directors, as if to say, "This guy is nothing more than just another mainlander, without any great ability, coming here to show us how it's done." Knowing of Bud's great ability, I could immediately sense what was about to happen, when at a given moment in the music, he went into an amazing exhibition of technical and high-note playing that must have exceeded the range of the piano. I will never forget the looks of amazement of the faces of the directors. From that moment, they were completely in the palms of Bud's hands.

The concert with Bud, the directors' band, and my concert band was well attended and went well. Bud was a great inspiration to my students, and I think he planted the seed for the eventual success of my jazz band program.

As mentioned, our jazz program, with the exception of Norm Harris, consisted of only players with expertise in rock music. It was extremely frustrating to me, but for the time being, I felt it best to let them pursue their interest and hope for better times. The rock band did play well and were able to get many dance jobs, but my frustration grew even greater with their indifference to the responsibility of arriving and starting on time, often being as much as forty-five minutes late. One evening while nervously waiting for the band to begin a job at Kahuku High School, I decided I had had enough, and on Monday morning I completely disbanded the group. I know I was more than unpopular with the guys, even to the point of feeling that perhaps I had failed in my responsibilities at the Church College. However, that very day when as I was dejectedly standing in the cafeteria lunch line, Sione Tuitupoa, one of my trumpet players, came to me to say he had heard of the incident and knew of some students that might make satisfactory replacements for the disbanded band. Then he told me about Doug and Tanya Nawahine, who were skilled in both rock and jazz playing and were looking for other student musicians and the equipment, such as I had, in order to audition for a performing position at the then Makaha resort on the leeward side of Oahu. This saved the day for me, and the band became known as "The Smiling Souls," a group that went on to achieve fame, playing for several years at the famous International Market Place on Waikiki Beach. In the group, Sione Tuitupoa and I played trumpet, Victor Yap was on bass and doubling on trombone, Doug and Tanya sang and played keyboard, and Van Wai played drums.

The band played a repertoire of basically soft and jazz rock, such as performed by Chicago, Blood Sweat and Tears, and the Tower of Power bands. I have to admit I enjoyed playing in the band, doing even, on French horn, the flute solo from Chicago's hit tune "Color My World." I played with "The Smiling Souls" for over a year, and the only thing I didn't care for was the time involved in loading, hauling, and setting up the equipment, which consisted of a Hammond J-3 organ; two heavy, tower-like speakers; amplifiers; microphone stands; music stands; and the myriad yards of cable. In order to play a performance, say, in Honolulu, we would arrive at the college band room at least three hours early in order to transport, set up, and then test all the equipment. Then, following a three-hour performance, it was essentially another two to three hours to tear down the equipment, return the thirty-six miles to Laie, and unpack. But the younger student members didn't seem to mind. I soon learned to appreciate and respect the cooperative spirit, fun, and enthusiasm Polynesians inherently show for a task they are enthusiastic about doing.

It wasn't long before "The Smiling Souls" became well-known throughout the island of Oahu, to the point of being asked to audition for the permanent position of playing six nights a week at the International Market Place, on Kalakaua Street, in Wakiki Beach.

When Doug Nawahine told me of this possibility, I responded that I would be happy to make the audition but would be unable to continue with the band if they were successful. The audition consisted of playing a performance at Sea World, near the city of Kailua, which audition the band was fortunate in passing, going on to play for over four years in Waikiki Beach.

While I missed playing with "The Smiling Souls," it was nevertheless the catalyst to the successful creation of a big-band jazz program at the Church College of Hawaii and the eventual Brigham Young University-Hawaii campus. For the following year, I had registered for the class a full eight-piece brass section and four rhythm, (consisting of piano, guitar, bass, and drums), but only one baritone sax. Choosing repertoire for such instrumentation became a problem, but I solved it by playing the lead alto saxophone parts on French horn. This meant I would have to select tunes that were essentially in unison for the alto and tenor saxophones, with perhaps an interesting baritone sax countermelody part. It wasn't a difficult job for me to transpose the E-flat alto sax parts to F French horn, since it is a skill horn players are expected to do virtually at sight. The main problem was finding interesting repertoire that was within the playing range of the French horn and that was challenging to the baritone sax, brass and rhythm sections. Interestingly, I was able to do this by choosing several pieces from the Stan Kenton repertoire.

I had fun with this band. While we didn't have sufficient repertoire to play a standard dance job, we could nevertheless concertize, which we did by playing concerts, not only on campus, but at the Ala Moana Shopping Center in Honolulu, at high schools throughout the island of Oahu, and on a successful tour to the big island of Hawaii.

Apparently the word got around that we had something going on at the college, for the following year, when I showed up on the first day of class, I found I had a fine band consisting of a full instrumentation of five saxophones, four trumpets, four trombones, a tuba, and four rhythm.

Perhaps the most significant thing we did that year was an appearance at the Kona Jazz Festival on the big island of Hawaii. We were the guest attraction for the festival, which featured high school jazz bands from all the principal islands in the Hawaiian chain. For one of our pieces, we performed Henry Mancini's "Pink Panther," featuring Wally Imamura on tenor sax. Wally was an extremely skilled soloist, able to play beyond the normal register of the sax through the use of alternate fingerings. His solo must have caught the fancy of most of the tenor sax players in attendance, for on the following day, it seemed, all I could hear were these players endeavoring to squeak out Wally's high notes.

In the band, we had Ben Johnson, a fine trumpeter from Nanakuli on the leeward side of Oahu. I always enjoyed Ben's beautiful solo on the then-popular tune "Feelings." I also had Jeff Walpole, an outstanding drummer from the mainland. Jeff was multitalented

and played one of the lead roles when we did Doug Stewart's production *Saturday's Warrior*.

For the remainder of my years in Hawaii, the jazz band was always successful and may have been the best college jazz ensemble in the Islands. We took several tours to the outer islands and played for the military at their huge Hale Koa hotel in Honolulu. We played for state conferences of the Hawaii Music Educators Association and for several national conventions at the Kuilima Hotel, located on the North Shore. While playing a morning concert for one of these conventions, I noticed three large Hawaiians sitting on the sidelines, seriously listening and observing the band. Following the performance they came and introduced themselves as the "Nanakuli Sons," an outstanding trio. After complimenting me on the band, they invited Jane and me to come and listen to their performance at the White Whale Lounge in the hotel. My band members, I noticed, were very interested and impressed that the "Nanakuli Sons" had even attended our performance and later told me they were perhaps the top performing jazz rock trio in the Islands and that their guitar player was the best in all of Hawaii.

At the time, we were doing the musical *Camelot*, and I mentioned to Jane that perhaps after our closing night, we should go to the Kuilima Hotel and hear the "Nanakuli Sons" inasmuch as they were kind enough to come and listen to us and had given me a personal invitation. It was nearly midnight when we arrived, and as we sat listening to the group, they noticed us. As they were closing the evening performance, they announced, "We are pleased that 'Brother B' and his lovely wife are in attendance tonight." Apparently they had heard my band members referring to me as "Brother B" and figured that was the name I went by. This wasn't unusual, because I became known throughout the Islands as simply "Brother B," even receiving mail addressed as such, and always considered it a great honor to be referred to in that manner. In addition, band members also liked to refer to me as "Da Boss," or just "Boss," and at times I was even called this by Dan Anderson, president of the university.

In 1976 our nation celebrated its two hundredth anniversary, and it became a common practice to honor this historic event with what became known as "Bicentennial Balls." Fortunately, the jazz ensemble had the opportunity to perform in such "Balls" at the college, for the Laie Stake, and at the affluent Kohala area in Honolulu, hosted by the television personality Morgan White, better known as "Pogo" in a popular afternoon children's TV show. Then we had the opportunity to fly to the island of Molokai to play for the event, which was my only visit to the island.

One of the most memorable occasions with the jazz ensemble was doing a concert at the small high school in Haleiwa, which is located near the famous surfing areas of Sunset Beach and the "Banzai Pipeline." For high school concerts, I generally played a repertoire of what might be called jazz rock. Before this concert, I had spent considerable time teaching the band an authentic version of Glenn Miller's "In the Mood," perhaps the most memorable piece of swing music ever conceived. I had seen

and heard the famous Glenn Miller band while in my teens and remembered explicitly how Glenn played "In the Mood," including the choreography displayed by the band. I endeavored to teach the jazz ensemble the piece exactly as I remembered. For years I hadn't heard any band play "In the Mood," and I figured now was the time to reintroduce it. At a given point in the Haleiwa concert, I went to the microphone and announced, "We have been playing several pieces of music from your generation; now I would like to perform for you something from my generation—Glenn Miller's memorable swing tune 'In the Mood'." As we played, I had no idea what kind of reception we would receive from a group of high school students steeped in the tradition of rock music, only to find we were greeted by a thunderous applause when we finished. Following such an overwhelming response, I decided to perform the piece the following week, when we would be playing for the Church College of Hawaii student-body. This time we decided to add an additional bit of choreography by having the saxophone section move out into the audience as we played the last unison chorus, arriving back on stage just in time for the fortissimo ending. This time, as I turned around to receive whatever response we might deserve, I was greeted by even a more thunderous applause and felt, for the moment, what it might be like to be considered a celebrity. As a result, "In the Mood" became the standard fare for all our future performances.

Another memorable event happened when the renowned "Canadian Brass" came to BYU-Hawaii for a lyceum appearance. Up to that time, I had never heard of them and had no idea who they even were or how they played. Inasmuch as I was a fellow brass player and represented the instrumental music division of the university, I figured Jane and I should attend the concert out of common courtesy. Then when Doug Curran, chairman of the lyceum committee, gave me a personal invitation, I knew I had to go. The result was that we were treated to one of the most artistic and entertaining performances I had ever attended. Never had I heard such quality brass playing. At a given point in the concert, they went out into the audience, like we had done when playing "In the Mood." I was sitting on an aisle and the French horn player came directly to me and virtually had the bell of his horn in my face as they played. I never found if he had been tipped off as to whom I was, but it was an exhilarating experience. Later I was invited to dinner with the "Canadian Brass," during which they presented me with three of their long-playing record albums.

In the second year of my tenure in Hawaii, several of my concert band students told me of a parade that was the climax of the Aloha Week celebration. I had a band in excess of fifty members, and at the insistence of my band members, I secured an invitation to appear. We would be one of thirty-four other bands that would be attending. In preparing for the parade, I chose the theme from the then-famous *Hawaii 5-0* television series. Then I proceeded to teach them several of the standard procedures I had used with the BYU Cougar Marching Band. In typical Polynesian fashion, Norm Harris and his fellow trumpet players were so enthusiastic that they went into actual physical training, which included 6:00 a.m. daily jogging, in order to satisfactorily prepare for the event. I selected Warren Barton, a bassoon player and a lead in the previous year's *Once Upon a*

Mattress, to serve as drum major. Then I had a beautiful blonde girl named Sherry (I can't remember her last name) as solo majorette. Sherry, in addition to being a champion caliber twirler, had served the year before as Miss Nevada. Being relatively new to the Islands, I didn't realize that Aloha Week was one of the major celebrations in all of Hawaii. I also wasn't aware that the band activities were extremely competitive.

During the parade, I was privileged to sit in the VIP section along with some high ranking military officers. When the Church College of Hawaii International Marching Band (the name I had given to the band) passed by, I was extremely proud of how they looked and played. After they passed, a general with two stars on his shirt collar came to me and said, "I understand you are the director of the fine band that just marched by. I want to congratulate you on having such a sharp and disciplined group." Naturally I was elated. When I arrived via a special shuttle bus at Kapiolani Park, where the bands disassembled, several band members excitedly ran up to me, shouting, "We won!" "Won what?" I asked. "First place." Then they showed me the beautiful trophy they had received in my absence.

For that first year, our uniforms were very simple. The college had heavy, black military-style uniforms that I promptly did away with in favor of a light uniform consisting of white pants, white Keds tennis shoes, a white shirt, and a plumeria lei. In future years, we designed a uniform similar to the famous police band in Suva Fiji, which included a red lava lava, authentic Fijian sandals, a tauvalo waistband, kukui nut leis, and a plumeria headband. Both uniforms were easy to come by, costing only a few dollars, but they were unique and somewhat beautiful.

Following that first year, I did away with the traditional drum major and baton-twirling majorette in favor of three or four authentic Tahitian dancers, along with native fire dancers and a Samoan drum major dressed in a traditional native costume, which the Samoan community took great pride in designing. I augmented my standard percussion section by adding two or three Tahitian drummers who played, at special times, typical Polynesian drum cadences on their traditional hollowed log drums. To this, I had the band members execute a seemingly Polynesian dance step we had created. Then I selected thirty or more students from nations enrolled at the college and had them march behind the band, dressed in their native costumes and carrying their countries' flags. It must have made a colorful sight, much different from the standard marching band one is used to seeing, for we always received generous applause and complimentary remarks from the public address announcers stationed along the parade route. One year, a film clip of the International Marching Band was featured as the introductory material to the national telecast production of the Macy's Christmas Parade, which appears each Thanksgiving Day from New York City.

I endeavored to make the International Marching Band strictly a seasonal thing and not have it take precedence over the symphonic band and jazz ensemble, feeling that such a band was more entertaining than academic. But we did attract national attention, for I

received many special invitations to appear, including in the Macy's Christmas Parade and the Las Pasados de Mejico celebration in Mexico City. Unlike today, when BYU performing groups are seen and heard throughout the world, our administration must have either lacked the funds or didn't see the importance of having groups such as ours receive national attention.

Even though my wife and I loved living and working in Hawaii, we hadn't abandoned our desire to build a summer home in Island Park, Idaho. At the end of my first year in Hawaii, I went, without my family, to Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho, to participate as a faculty member in the Fine Arts Academy. I had attended the academy for several years prior to our move to the Islands. The academy was under the direction of my good friend Dr. Jay Slaughter, and he had created a marvelous two-week event that excelled in virtually every activity under the fine arts umbrella, including all the facets of music, drama, art, and particularly ballet. While there, I found a builder, Barry South, who would assist me in building the shell of our summer home for \$3500. Helping Barry build the shell became one of the most exciting things I ever did.

Following the run of the academy, I returned to Provo to pick up a truck and a trailer load of the furniture we had stored at Stan Walker's. Then I helped pack the belongings of Jane's mother, Florence Tyler, who was moving to be with us in Hawaii, telling her I would meet her in two weeks at the Salt Lake International Airport for our flight to the Islands.

Then it was back to Island Park to help in the construction of our summer home. While in Island Park, I stayed in a storage shed that Jay Slaughter had built on his lot in Bills Island. I took showers at Ponds Lodge and at the Shotgun Store, near our cabin site in Shotgun Valley. I ate most of my meals at the nearby Phillips Lodge and with Jay and Charlene at their trailer. The entire adventure must have been therapeutic, since I was still having occasional problems with my nerves, but I was having such a great time doing physical work and exercise that I forgot about the strange feeling that would sometimes come over me. One day, while lifting and moving some heavy logs, it seemed that whatever was bothering me simply went out the top of my head, and I knew I was all right.

Before my return to Hawaii, I stored all our furniture and belongings under a loft that extended partway into the living room, thinking that Barry South and his helper would have the home completely enclosed when I returned to partition the rooms and install plumbing and electricity. However, when I returned the following summer, I found that the front picture window had yet to be installed, giving anyone free access to all of our belongings. Upon inspecting for any lost items, I was fortunate to find that not one item had been disturbed; everything was intact.

For the next fourteen years, we returned to our wonderful summer home in Island Park, where we were active in the local branch of our church, made many long-time and